

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

S. M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor

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Fresh Scissors.

The drunkard's week is made up of Thirst-day.

—Water reddens the rose, whisky the nose, and tight boots the toes.

—Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have had a mother-in-law.

—A reflective reporter described a new lease as "a splendid though sad vehicle."

—A little male "waif," left at one of the Boston engine houses recently, was promptly christened Hosea.

—There is something noble about a goat which all boarders might imitate. He is not particular what he feeds upon.

—A little darkey refused to go to church because he didn't want to look there like a huckleberry in a pan of milk."

—The largest plate of glass ever manufactured in the United States was recently cast in Indiana. It is 184 by 91 inches.

—A builder, returning thanks to those who had drunk his health, modestly observed that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

—"Just keeping it lighted for another boy," is the latest juvenile invention when a mother suddenly comes upon her little boy with a cigar in his mouth.

—A Boston auctioneer has in his possession an umbrella seventy-two years old. It was built in England. Poets are requested to omit their contributions to three stanzas.

—There are now over fifty societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in the United States and the Dominion; the first one was formed only seven years ago.

—The secret of Chicago's compacency over her deserts by the fire insurance companies may be traced to the fact that any one of her girls could stamp out the next great conflagration that comes along—Danbury News.

—The only flaw in the elegant new Post Office building in New York—supposing it will ever be completed—is the gilded scroll-work on the front facing Broadway. The beautifully formed and cut granite is greatly marred by this piece of gingerbread work, and externally it is the only blot upon the building. Take it down!

—Sunday night a policeman on Baker street, passing a certain house about 10 o'clock, saw a man drop from a window and heard smothered cries inside. He seized the man for a burglar, but soon found that he had the owner of the house in his clutches. "Well," said the officer, "it looked suspicious to see you drop out of a window that way." "Well," replied the man, heaving a sigh, "when the old woman gets her dander up I ain't particular about what road I take to get out of the house."—*Independent Free Press*

—The Boston girls are more than usually stunning and expensive this fall. "They are very slender, straight as arrows, with lovely complexion and golden hair. Their rich black silk dresses and straight polonaise glitter with jet fringes and jet embroidery, the latter covering them like a coat of mail." A heavy gold necklace and locket half hidden in the full lace round each slender throat, and on the golden looks jauntily set a soft, high-crowned, dark blue felt hat, with a wide brim, carelessly crushed and battered on one side, and on the other turned up and fastened with a brilliant, above which waves a tall feather, the color of the hat."

Saved from the Sea.

EXCITING ADVENTURE OF A YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN.

That the sea should give up its dead seems hardly a greater miracle than that in some cases it should give up its victims alive. Stories of escape from angry waves upon desolate coasts have filled chapter after chapter of works of fiction, and the power and immensity of the ocean have made it the chosen symbol of the cruelty and relentless nature of fate. One would scarcely expect after the exhaustion of the imagination of writers like Captain Marryat and Victor Hugo that it was reserved for plain matter of fact to outrival the invention of the novelist; and yet there is at present stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in this city a young man whose adventures and escape pass to the very verge of the marvellous. Like so many other instances of human peril, it seems to have provided itself with its own setting of romance.

Harry P. De Vol, the subject of this narrative, is a graduate of the U. S. Naval School at Annapolis, from which he recently graduated with honor, and after a brief vacation reported for duty at Nice, where the American squadron in European waters was then lying. At Nice he was ordered on board the frigate Omaha, which was transferred to Queenstown. About the 20th of September, while less than two days' sail from Southampton, a violent squall arose, and during its continuance young De Vol was directed by the captain to convey an order to the officer stationed on the bridge. As he was going forward a huge sea came over the side, and the frigate, with its monstrous burden, lurched heavily to leeward. The taffrail was low, and being between masts the young midshipman was swirled with the wash over the side. The officer on the bridge saw him and did the little he could to save him. He seized a large circular cork life-buoy and hurled it with all his might towards the point where the young sailor was seen struggling with the waves. It was the work of scarcely more than a second. To the buoy was fixed a line about ten yards long, and as the buoy passed over him beyond his reach this line fell across his back. He caught the end and while the staggering vessel drove helplessly on in the storm he drew the buoy to him and placed it over his head. He was now safe for the moment, but he says death itself would have been a pleasing sensation compared to his feelings as he saw the Omahas disappear behind successive hills of angry water. His knowledge of seamanship told him at once that no captain would dare to put his vessel about or attempt to lower a boat in the violent wind and sea that were raging.

"In a little," he relates, "I could only see the masts and cordage whipping against the sky, and I gave up all hope. I tried to swim towards it instinctively, though I knew it was of no use, and that my only hope was to outride the squall on my buoy, if possible, and be picked up after floating a few hours."

The violence of the storm did not last, as he estimates, but two or three hours, although it seemed days to him, but no vessels came near enough to discover him. The water, stirred from beneath by the wind, was cold, and he began to grow numb and weak. Fortunately the cork life-preserved, which at first was so loose that he had some difficulty in keeping it in its place under his arms, began to tighten as the cork swelled with the moisture. Subsequently it held itself well in place. It was about four o'clock when he was washed overboard. At night he had grown quiet weak and his limbs were very numb.

"As the darkness began to gather," he narrates, "I felt I would have to drown. Before this I knew that my chances were desperate, but somehow while it was light I had had hope. Then I began to pray. I don't know how long a time elapsed. At times I would pray for several minutes, and then I would find myself thinking of a thousand sad things about my home and my mother and my father, and about my past life. Before this I knew that my chances were desperate, but somehow while it was light I had had hope. Then I began to pray. I don't know how long a time elapsed. At times I would pray for several minutes, and then I would find myself thinking of a thousand sad things about my home and my mother and my father, and about my past life. Before this I knew that my chances were desperate, but somehow while it was light I had had hope. Then I began to pray. I don't know how long a time elapsed. 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